THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Anthony Benezet, near thirty years ago, to a young woman in this city.—It was evidently composed when his mind was very seriously affected with the subjects contained in them. A few hours before the death of that great and good man, she, to whom the letter was addressed, called to see him; and unexpectedly, amid the agonies of his expiring moments, he inquired if she had the letter in her possession. She answered in the affirmative. He informed her, that the concern which had long agorested on his mind, then returned with renewed weight; and *he was impressed with a serious belief, that on some future occasion she would find it to be her duty to publish some extracts from it.* He therefore requested her not to permit it to be lost; adding, that he felt confident, that it would one day be somewhere productive of benefit.

Agreeably with his departing expressions, she has imagined the period to be arrived, when she could with propriety offer some parts of it to the particular attention of the young women, which appear to point *very remarkably* to the manners of the present times; and in thus presenting them, "she considers herself performing the WILL of her much-loved friend." And while it now first assumes a typographic dress, it may be remarked, that the excellence of the sentiments, and the importance of the subject to the Christian Mind, entirely supersede the necessity of a comment *on them.*

Much has been written, and many exhortations have been made, to attract the attention of our young females to a due consideration of the *tendency* and *consequences* of their conduct, in respect to the immodesty of their dress: and while beholding these efforts, the pious and the reflecting frequently regret, that so many have been exerted—*in vain.* It is hoped, however, that a subject which a BENEZET, "who was no doubt, in many branches of his conduct, one of the greatest preachers of Righteousness we ever had amongst us"—a subject, which a BENEZET felt in his dying moments to be deeply interesting to the youthful fair, will not *continually* be treated *with entire neglect*, by these: and there is much reason to believe, that if it were duly considered, the stain, IMMODESTY, which now rests on the conduct of females, will with the blessing of that Spirit under whose influence this letter was dictated, be no longer observed to sully CREATION'S PRIDE!

Young Women! Listen to the injunctions which salute your ear. The language of a Benezet now issues from *the tomb*, in which his ashes have long since reposed! It speaks intelligibly to YOU, ye giddy, and ye gay! Its precepts *cannot* be mistaken. May you hear them, therefore, with attention. If they should prove ineffectual, proceeding, as they do, FROM THE DEAD, then will the voice of the Songster in Jerusalem be heard no more, and her "MOURNERS WILL GO ABOUT THE STREETS!"

A LOVER OF FEMALE MODESTY.

Fifth month 7, 1805.

My Dear ———,

I have of late been much engaged in thought; and indeed what serious mind can refrain from mournful reflections, when we consider, on the one hand, the purity of our profession, and on the other, have to observe the general behaviour and appearance of our young women, and the insensibility they manifest, when treated with on these important subjects! I trust my dear friend, from the apprehension I have of thy sensibility & kind disposition, I may mention my thoughts on this most interesting subject, with expectation of tender sympathy from thee; rather than danger of giving thee any offence. I have remembered the Apostle's injunction, "That Christian women ought to be arrayed in *modest* apparel, *not costly*, but with *sobriety* and shamfacedness;" I have also had to think of the nature of the Gospel—the conduct, dress, food, &c. of him who was greater than any of the prophets, even John, the forerunner of Christ; I have remembered the birth and situation of our Blessed Saviour himself, his submitting to the most humbling appearance, even to be laid in a manger, and when grown up, declared his coming was in the form of a servant, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, "Behold," says he, "I am amongst you as one that serveth;" "*leaving us* an example;" saith the Apostle, "that we should follow his footsteps;" but how different from the example of our Lord, are the conduct and views of the greatest part of our young people; notwithstanding it is indispensably necessary, that such as are desirous to follow Christ in the regeneration, should behave in their clothing, &c. in such a manner, as will best enable them to answer the sober ends of an *industrious*, *frugal*, life, a life of *affection* and *care*, not only in their own families, but as sisters and friends; as nurses, spiritually and temporally to many who may suffer for want of their assistance. Doctor Cave, in his account of the first Christians, tells us, "They were exceeding careful to avoid all such things as savoured of costliness and finery, choosing such as expressed the greatest lowliness and innocency." And that our Ancient Friends understood the Apostle's advice in its full extent, appears beyond all dispute, from what William Penn says in his Reflections and Maxims, viz. "If thou art clean and warm, it is sufficient; for more does but rob the poor, and please the wanton."—If every expense which might be spared, is vainly wasting that which properly belongs to the poor; and every conformity to vain and foolish fashions is to please, and indeed often meant to allure the wanton; what can be said in defence of the appearance of so many of our young women? so contrary to that humble, self-denying, state of service, which as followers of Christ, is required of them; choosing to appear as Mistresses, as Ladies, de-

lighting themselves like the false Church, in sitting as Queens to be looked at and admired, rather than capacitated to fulfil the sober ends of life in the service we owe one to another.—From a sense of the prevalency of these evils, how can the sincere lovers of truth, but mourn—deeply mourn even over many of those, who esteem themselves, and are esteemed as *moderate*, comparatively with others; the softness and delicacy of their clothing, more adapted to Pagan Kings' palaces, than Christian Pilgrims' cottages; the putting on of their apparel, too manifestly calculated to allure the wanton. To these things may be added, that most abhorrent practice, formerly used, and now come again in fashion, of causing their clothes, even their rich silks, &c. to trail on the ground; which thou mayest remember, was a matter of so great concern to our dear friend Daniel Stanton; an evil, which appears to me, to be of a very deep dye, as it is not a sudden start of passion in the vain mind, but a *deliberate act*, which requires time and consideration; hence it may be truly termed (though I believe not considered as such, by many in the practice) an act of open rebellion to every impression of grace, as well as an act of the greatest ingratitude to *Him*, who permits them to use, and enjoy the most delicate and nice apparel; (though I believe it is in his wrath, as he answered the desire of the Israelites, when they lusted for flesh.) I have been sorrowful to observe so many manifest such ingratitude, as to throw off *all consideration of delicacy and neatness*, and only because it is the fashion;—because the God of this world (the Devil) the prince of the power of the air, who rules in the children of disobedience, calls to follow his fashions, they should conform to that which is in itself, so odious, so destructive, so contrary to every sense of reason and neatness, what shall I call it? Indeed it is in itself more expressive of that folly and corruption, in which the human heart is capable of running, than words can set forth. If our dear young women would take these things into serious consideration, it may prevent that, which in a solemn time may give them inexpressible pain. I remember the case of a young woman with whom I had repeatedly treated on these subjects, but to no purpose; when in a consumption and near her end, I was desired to visit her, and was informed, that she wanted the company of serious people, and had requested her mother not to admit those who indulged themselves in the fashionable dress of the times; being assured that those who appeared thus, could not afford her the comfort she wanted.

This will certainly be more or less the case with every individual at such a trying hour, except sunk into stupidity or seared into hardness of heart. Sentiments of this kind I earnestly wish may be enforced upon our young women; that they may consider the nature and design of the Christian Religion, the high profession we make, that the eyes of thoughtful people are upon us, that they mark and despise us for our inconsistency, and above all, what a blessing, and matter of joy it will be to the well disposed youth in a future day, to reflect, that they have, to the utmost of their power, by their conduct, held up the hands of their parents and friends, in strengthening the little good that remains amongst us.—Don't think I say too much on the subject; for it is indeed a matter of the greatest weight, and ought to be laid open in its fullest light; in which I am encouraged, from a hope that the sensible youth will so far see its reasonableness and necessity, as to become advocates on behalf of the cause of Truth. With near affection, dear ———, I wish ever to remain thy real friend.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Now smile the green vallies, all moisten'd with rain,
And gaily the lambs wanton over the plain;
And sweet sings the Red-breast aloft on the spray,
But to me all is joyless—my friends are away.

Yet fair is the lily, and fragrant the rose,
And modest the graces the eglantine shows;
The streams murmur softly, and splendid the day,
But nought can delight me—my Henry's away.

While pensive I sit on the hill's airy brow,
And gaze on the landscape thus varied below,
The social affections assert their whole sway,
And sad heaves my bosom—my friends are away.

Oh! Friendship! thou sweetner and comfort of life!
Oh love! thou rich balm for the cares of a wife!
Accept from these eyes the warm tribute I pay,
Ye only can soothe, when my joys are away.

MATILDA.

July, 1802.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

Being a somewhat of a stranger in this city of brotherly love, and the customs and manners of the people very particularly attracting my attention, I have made a few remarks upon them, which I send to you to dispose of as you may think proper.—Soon after I set my foot upon your pavements, finding I was likely to be meeting a great many people, and remembering the advice that I had seen at your turnpike gates a little way from the town, "Turn to the right as the law directs," I had little doubt that if I attended to it, I should walk your streets without harm to myself or any body else; I accordingly resolved to do it, expecting to see this rule observed by the citizens generally, but to my great surprize, I had not gone far, before I was suddenly run foul of by a lady. My coat being of the old fashioned kind, the hooks of it caught fast in her clothes, we were both of us a good deal embarrassed, and separated pretty quick, but not without as I supposed, some rent of her clothes, from the noise I heard as we parted; when turning round to look after her, as it was natural for me to do, you know, I beheld her arms quite bare, and immediately reflected on myself for having torn the lady's sleeves with the hooks or buttons of my coat, for which I immediately began in as humble a manner as I knew how, to apologize, and beg her pardon, when she very politely replied, that I need be under no concern, for that there was no injury done, and as to sleeves, it was quite vulgar to mention them, being as that neither she nor any other lady of fashion was seen wearing such things now-a-days. —This I thought was a very good sort of fashion, and a great saving of money and trouble,—for you know, if a person does not wear clothes, they will not be liable to get them torn;—but then I thought *nevertheless*, *that it would be well* if people would at all times when they meet any body in the streets, or elsewhere, "turn to the right as the law directs."

There is another thing, gentlemen, that struck my attention very soon after I came into this your great city, so famed for the politeness of its inhabitants, and that was, a cold kind of reserve towards one another, which I did not like to see, but what made it appear more strange to me was, that it seemed to prevail altogether among the men, with regard to the women; to such a height have I seen it carried by them in your streets, that as if choosing openly to shew their disregard for them, rather than their respect, I have frequently seen them, just as they appeared about to meet them, turn their faces to the wall, and there, in a kind of sullen unsocial posture, stand until the

fair *(and mortified)* beholders had passed them by.

This, gentlemen, I think is a piece of rudeness that wants correction, and I hope that for the honour of my sex, it will soon be done away. There are some other things that I could mention, but as I don't wish to find fault without a very good reason for it, I will stop here till I come to town again. Yours,

CADWALADER CLODHOPPER.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TO TOM TIMID.

My much respected TOMMY TIMID,
A line or two at length I've penn'd;
For much I've thought of thee, and fain would hide
A sort of something which within my breast
Has robb'd me of full many an hour's rest,
In pitying thee, and wishing thee a bride.

And much I've sought, but sought in vain to find
That calm and sweet serenity of mind,
Which I have always very much desired
And *coveted* for some besides *myself I own*
Especially for those who live alone,
And of a single life are getting tired.

I do not wish to write a silly letter;
Or say how much a married life is better
Than any other that a man can lead;
But hav'ent we been often told by sages,
As well in present as in former ages,
That matrimonial joys are joys indeed!

As thou'rt but a little turn'd of twenty-eight;
Perhaps it is not yet so much too late
To change thy present mode of life,
But that if proper means are yet resorted to,
A lass may easily be found, to do,
And TOMMY TIMID know the blessing of a wife.

I've had a kind of secret inclination
To know a little of thy situation,
And what thy present prospects are in life;
Not because I've any doubt whatever
That they are tolerably clever
And suited to accommodate a wife.

I do not feel disposed to say abundance
Or talk a great deal of a *correspondence*,
But "I can tell thee how the thing struck me"—
That should we somehow bring the thing about,
I cannot entertain the smallest doubt
'Twould be to our advantage *mutually*.

SALLY BASHFUL.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The following is handed you for insertion, being the advice of an Ancient Friend to his children. Though it was written many years ago, the advice and counsel therein contained may perhaps be of use to some of the present generation. M.

Advice of an Ancient Friend to his Children.

If any difference should arise between you concerning my Will, or on any other occasion, my advice is, that she or they concerned, (more especially then) retire before the Lord, humbly beseeching him for a reconciliation; considering, as I have on such occasions often done, that the Great Lord, at whose disposal are the cattle on a thousand hills, can give to whom he pleaseth. HE, I say, (consider) in the dispensations of his Providence, with your honest endeavours, can give a blessing, may soon make up, or more than compensate what you may suffer in interest for peace sake. How sorrowful and imprudent it would be to entertain a root of bitterness, producing strife, hatred, or at least ill will one towards another, to the grieving the Holy Spirit and wounding your own souls; and thereby justly incur the displeasure of him, whose blessing is absolutely necessary, and without which a great deal would do no good. Finally, dear children, live in peace one with another, and with all men as much as in you lies: so may the God of peace grant you his peace, and the assistance of his holy spirit, whilst you live in this world of temptations and troubles, that you through the help thereof, may be able to look up unto him and surmount them all: and at last be accounted worthy of his mercy, and a mansion in his house, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Composed on the banks of the Delaware, during the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in 1802.—By a Philadelphian in exile.

Gentle stream! whose tiny billows,
Now thy flow'ry borders lave,
Now display the bending willows,
Pictured in the dimpling wave.

On thy verdant margin straying,
Torn from many a tender tie,
Thy meandring course surveying,
Hear a wretched wanderer sigh!

Soon with nature's treasures laden,
Thou shalt reach the crouded shore,
Where yon city's rising splendors,
Echo to the dashing oar.

There immers'd in toil and danger,
While the anxious moments roll,
To domestic joys a stranger,
Sighs the partner of my soul.

Death, his pensive steps pursuing,
Pestilence around him glares,
Wakeful love his pillow strewing,
With a thousand tender cares.

Languid limbs and heaving bosom,
Fell disease's dreadful train,
From each soft domestic duty,
My reluctant steps detain.

Source of being! God of mercy!
Hear a woful suppliant's prayer,
Spare the husband, friend and brother,
Every fond connection spare.

But, if my presumptuous wishes
Dare to cross thy wise design,
Teach my tortur'd soul submission,
Bend *my* stubborn will to *thine*.

Or, in more transcendant mercy,
From the load of mortal woes,
In thy all paternal bosom
Bid my wearied soul repose.

MATILDA.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

I have for my neighbour an old gentleman with whom I have very often the misfortune to disagree in opinion. I have no fault to find with him, except that he is very frequently taking me to task about matters that I think do not belong to him, or to any other man. Before I go on to state them to you, I will let you know by way of preface to what I shall have to say, that I am one of your sincere lovers of that great luxury of life—that sovereign cure for all ailments—TOBACCO—if my body is any way out of order, and I feel what the doctors call *abominable** obstructions, I immediately apply to tobacco—If my mind has been disturbed from any cause whatever, either external or internal, so that sleep has been driven from my eyes, and slumber from my eye-lids, I never fail to resort to that plant of unparallelled efficacy TOBACCO. If my mind is absorbed in worldly concerns, I chew it—if under the pressure of corroding cares I snuff it—but if favoured to see my affairs wear the appearance of prosperity, to feel my mind raised above worldly perplexities, and disposed to sublime meditation, I smoke it.—Here gentlemen you see at once the use I make of tobacco, but it is I am sure impossible for you to know the real benefit I derive from it—so great indeed is it, that were I one month without it, confident I am, I should not live two weeks after—*and I* am not the *only* one of my family that experiences the benefit of this wonderful plant; my *wife* and all my *children* make use of it. The youngest which is about four years of age, is just beginning to smoke it, and if this troublesome neighbour of mine does not put him out of the notion of it, he is in as likely a way to know the good of it as his father. Would you now suppose, gentlemen, that there is a man who not only laughs at me for continuing in a practice at once so beneficial and salutary, but, that strives with all his

* I am not quite sure this is spelled right, perhaps it is *abdaminal*.

might and main to reason me out of it —why he might as well try to reason me out of the bread that I eat as to prevail upon me to quit the use of tobacco.—Now what I desire is, that I may get the assistance of some of your correspondents to help me to combat this troublesome neighbour with all the arguments that can be brought against him.—I am no great reader—nor very stiff at arguing, but I will aid you all in my power by letting you know upon what grounds he attacks me. In the first place he tells me it is contrary to scripture, or at least that there is nothing in scripture which authorises the use of it either one way or another—that we do not read of the patriarchs or apostles either smoking, chewing, or snuffing tobacco,—in short he says the word tobacco is not mentioned in the Old or New Testament; this may be true you know; it might either have gone under some other name, or the writers of the scriptures might not have had occasion to mention it—but that it was in use in those days, I have scarcely any doubt. I am very confident that it was smoked in the days of the Apostles, for I well remember that there is mention somewhere made of "piping in the market place." This I only take to be the old fashioned way of saying they were smoking with *pipes* instead of segars—now if tobacco was unknown in those times, what use would they have for *pipes*—they are I am almost sure frequently spoken of in the scriptures,—pipes were as certainly invented after tobacco as segars were after pipes. Of its having been snuffed as far back as the days of Moses, I have as good authority from Exodus as I have of its having been smoked in the days of the Apostles —for in that book I well remember reading about *snuff-dishes*, which I take to be what we now call *snuff-boxes*—now if they did not make use of snuff what need had they of *snuff-boxes*, or if you choose snuff-dishes?—These few hints I have thrown before you, as they occurred to me, hoping they may be of use to some one or more of your good correspondents, who may be so kind as to do me the favour of attacking old Rectus, for that is the old gentleman's name.

He moreover further asserts, that the using of tobacco which comes from the southern states, he can without any difficulty prove to be encouraging the slavery of the Negroes; but this is a thing which I cannot pretend to reason with him about, therefore I leave it, but I know a great many who detest slavery that use it.

He endeavours to put me out of the notion of using it, by telling me of the vast deal of money that is laid out in the purchase of tobacco—and makes long calculations about it, some of which I intend sending you before long; he tries to explain to how much better purpose money might be disposed of than in laying it out for this useless stuff and trash, &c. &c. as he calls it; in short he is full of such nonsensical notions—and those notions he calls economical schemes.—He undertakes to say that "it is unfriendly to health, that chewing it produces diseases of the body and spoils the breath,—that smoking it does the same and destroys the teeth, and that snuffing it impairs the voice, injures the memory, and gives a disagreeable dusky colour to the skin.—You may depend upon it, I am convinced that all this is false, but as I know you have correspondents that are better able to argue the point with him than I am, I shall leave it to them; hoping I may see his mouth so completely stopped, that I shall hear no more against the use of tobacco.

He asks me what animal besides man will take tobacco into its mouth? Horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs and even hogs he says refuse to taste it; in fine he declares that no living creature except man will touch it.—Now since he has brought this up against me, I have found out that it may be contradicted flat—for I have been informed that tobacco, besides constituting the principal food of the *Rock Goat*, well known in the deserts of Africa, is the entire support of a creature in the southern states, that lives upon its leaves, while it is growing in the fields; this creature is called by a friend of mine the *Vermis*,—as he is a latin scholar I think he said this was the latin name for it: this animal he informs me feasts upon the plant altogether, and consequently finds the cultivators of it, its greatest enemies, who as a punishment to those blacks who shew lenity towards it, make them eat it like some people eat oysters —without cooking! Now these things when all put together, shew how much mistaken my old friend Rectus is in several respects, and I have no doubt, if some cute writer in your paper would write a piece in favour of the use of tobacco, and touch upon the points I have mentioned, rightsmartly, and I could get hold of it and read it to him, he would forever afterwards be as mute as I could wish him to be—and I could once more smoke the pipe of peace, and my children enjoy their segars.

With sentiments of very high respect for you and for your useful paper, I am yours, &c.

PHILO NICOTIANA.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

AN ELEGY.

The pleasing gales that gentle summer yields,
Amid the gay profusion of his store,
The smiles of nature, and of verdant fields,
Are all, alas! but blessings of an hour.

How vast the beauties they around display,
'Till dreary winter re-assumes his reign,
And sternly bids them vanish and decay,
And leave no traces on the pensive plain.

The golden cowslip on the enamell'd mead
Displays his youthful glories to the view,
But soon he drops his solitary head,
And yields his virtue to the ev'ning's dew.

Alas! how transient is the dream of life,
And ev'ry heart-felt comfort we enjoy!
And fraught with care, solicitude, and strife,
Each hour attempts our blessings to destroy.

All human scenes are subject to decay,
And time asserts an all-prevailing pow'r;
Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
We bloom to wither, as the tender flow'r.

Not so the soul—its views, sublime and pure,
Where faith, and hope, and charity unite,
Shall rise, and dwell eternally secure,
In heav'n's unfading mansions of delight.

ON PENMANSHIP.

The utility of the *art of Writing*, according to its several modes and expedients, has ever been gratefully allowed and honourably mentioned. But of late years, and especially in this country, that province of it which is managed by the quill has received so many and great improvements, that it may now fairly aspire to the denomination of a polite art. Its principles are genuine, and founded on some of the nicest discriminations of taste; and hence, in its more finished and elaborate performances, it is calculated to yield high pleasure to every mind that has ability to perceive the beauties of form and disposition, and to estimate the worth of this piece of ingenuity.

If the difficulty of attaining a due degree of excellence in this art may add any thing to its value, it may be noted, that it requires a kind of manual dexterity, perhaps not found in any other; and that, accordingly, of the number of people who more or less practise penmanship, there are at any time fewer who excel in it, or who can produce a piece of writing

worthy of the notice of a person of taste, than probably in any other art whatsoever; that is, there are fewer cotemporary fine penmen than there are fine painters, fine poets, fine mechanics, &c. And the reason of the fact may be seen by considering what that peculiar kind of dexterity is to which we have just alluded.

In any other art whose productions terminate in something *permanently visible*, it is well known that their perfection is gained by reiterated touches and frequent revision. In works of a mechanical nature, the piece is brought to its precise form by a slow and successive removal of the superfluous matter. In poetry, a due juxtaposition of words will require some trial and change in order to give the composer satisfaction; and in painting (allow what happinesses we please to chance strokes) a like process of gradual improvement must evidently be pursued. But instead of possessing these meliorating advantages, in the art of writing (especially in what are called the *round hands*,) along with accuracy of idea, the master must have acquired such command of the pen as will enable him in general unerringly to accomplish a precise and difficult kind of stroke, without retouches, and this for a number of times in succession. Thus, in making any given letter, he must not only exactly hit its form at one stroke, according to the preconceived idea in his mind, but make it precisely the same (or as near as the eye can judge) in size and shape, in every instance where it again recurs in the piece before him. This is a species of manual dexterity which, as said above, I fancy will not be found to take place in any other art, and is the cause of a very singular fact respecting the education of youth, which may be here very properly and serviceably noticed. It is this:

That no young person, probably, ever gives less pleasure to his friends, or brings before them school performances so likely to hurt the mind with their ungainly and unpromising appearance, than when he is learning to write; for there is nothing, perhaps, of so trifling a nature, on which we throw the eye, that can displease so much as a page of a school-boy's copy-book. And were not the art of essential use in life, it would doubtless, on this account, never have a name in the list of our accomplishments, and very seldom engage ordinary attention.

The reason of all this may readily be conceived from what is remarked above of the *precise accuracy* with which every letter must be made in order to look well, and which, besides gentle fingers, a good eye, and a strong imagination, requires such a perfect use of the pen, as to be able not only to direct it slowly and accurately forward, but to touch the paper as it proceeds with its different points, and occasionally to accompany both motions with various degrees of pressure. The *cut*, as it is called, of every letter thus produced must be clean and neat; and, though in some cases so slowly formed, the whole piece in the end should have the appearance of freedom and ease. Art is no where more artfully attempted to be hid than in penmanship. In short, in fine writing the prototype is real perfection, and the medium uncommon dexterity; and hence a decent performance in it, instead of the abilities of a child, must require the utmost powers of a man.

The beauties of drawing mostly refer to general nature; and in that there is not required any very troublesome precision. Precision, then, being here *little* wanted, and dexterity in handling the pen or pencil *not at all*, we need not wonder at the apparent superior progress in that province of tuition. Like remarks might be made with respect to some other branches of education. But what is here intimated may be sufficient to answer the purpose for which it was introduced, and which will also shew the reason why, amid the number of pieces of drawing exhibited in many families to the credit of the young people, we so seldom find one specimen of writing adorn the portfolio, or displayed behind glass in a gilded frame.

A capital piece of writing deserves to appear among the productions of the polite arts; the principles of penmanship are more numerous, and better founded on true taste than may in common be imagined: the graceful and easy flow of its touches will be often found superior to any thing produced in its imitation by the engraver and the rolling press; and has truly merited the golden and silver pens which have sometimes been given by the public for its encouragement.

[*M. Mir.*]

OF THE TEA PLANT.

Of all the vegetable productions of China, the Tea Plant is the most valuable. The shrub which seems to be a species of myrtle, seldom grows beyond the size of a rose bush, or at most six or seven feet in height, though some have extended it to an hundred. It succeeds best in a gravelly soil and is usually planted in rows about three or four feet distant from each other. Its leaves are about an inch and an half long, narrow, tapering to the point, and indented like our rose or sweet-briar leaves, and its flowers are much like those of the latter.—The shrub is an evergreen, and bears a small fruit which contains several round blackish seeds, about the bigness of a large pea; but scarcely above one in an hundred comes to perfection. By these seeds the plant is propagated, nine or ten of them being put into a hole together; and the shrubs thence arising are afterwards transplanted into proper ground. they thrive best when exposed to the south sun, and yield the best tea; but there is a sort that grows without any cultivation, which, though less valuable, often serves the poorer sort of people.

The late Rev. Dr. Matthew Wilson, of Lewis, in Delaware, who was a learned divine, an excellent physician, as well as a firm patriot, endeavoured to reconcile the Americans to the loss of their favourite infusions at the beginning of the revolutionary war, by pointing out the evil effects which a constant use of tea, produce in the system; and proposed a number of substitutes, chiefly from among our native vegetables. The following are in the list.

1. Sassafras root, sliced thin and dried, with raspings of lignum vitæ.—This, when drank weak is pleasant, and clears the complexion.

2. Sweet marjoram, and a little mint, relieves the head and nerves, and strengthens the stomach.

3. Dry sage and green balm leaves are astringent, stimulating and strengthening.

4. Rosemary and lavender, excellent for disorders in the head.

5. A few small twigs of white-oak, well dried in the sun, with two leaves of sweet myrtle: this is so good a counterfeit of true tea, that good judges might mistake them.

6. Fennel seed, and inner bark of magnolia, (spicewood) is a powerful remedy against agues and hysterics. For the paper containing a list of substitutes at length, the reader is referred to Aikin's *Pennsylvania Magazine* for 1775.

It is probable that at the present day, but few of the above substitutes will be used for Chinese tea, and yet considering the *immense sums* in dollars, which are annually sent out of the country for this article, it is sincerely to be wished that some substitute could be generally adopt-

ed. For by an official statement, it appears, that the amount of teas which paid duties, after deducting the exportations from the importations, for each year, of the years 1791 to 1800, were, 28,000,184lbs. The average duty is 15 cents per pound.

There can be no doubt of the climate of some part of the United States, being as favourable for the tea plant, as the climates of China or Japan, and the Americans who visit China, would render a service to their country, by introducing the plant.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Occasioned by seeing a wo-worn houseless wanderer pass my gate at night-fall, who staid during the night in my house.

Sportive on the verge of day,
Still the sun's declining ray,
Lights the weary trav'ller's way.

Homeward bends the farmer's boy,
Exulting in the homely joy,
That eve gives respite to employ;

That soon his weary limbs may rest,
For by soft slumbers they are blest,
Whom keen remorse doth not infest—

With colours rich, the western sky,
Glowing, charms the gazing eye.

How still, the pensive ev'ning shade,
Thro' lonely wood or silent glade—

Lo! a wanderer passing by,
Cheerless heaves the heart felt sigh;
No place to rest—the night is nigh!

Hither hasten, lonely wight,
Soon will darkest shades of night,
Hide each object from thy sight.

Come welcome share my rustic board,—
With such food, the fields afford,
Plenteously my house is stor'd—

Enter this wide open door,
Always free to wretched poor,
Those who pain and want endure.

With hearty welcome rest thee here,
Ease thy mind from pallid fear;
Let balmy sleep thy spirits cheer,—

Till again the light of morn,
The east with richest tints adorn,
And birds on high in air up-born—

To their maker duty pay,
Chanting early matin lay,
Joyous at return of day;

Then may'st thou thy path pursue
Refresh'd by sleep with vigor new.

AGRICOLA.

Near the Falls of Delaware, April 30th, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

KINE POCK.

A letter from John Ring, Esq. Surgeon, dated London, Feb. 18, 1805, to Dr. Waterhouse, says, "The deaths in London, by the small-pox, are by the bills of mortality, reduced, from about *two thousand* annually, to *six hundred and twenty-two*. This will convince the public of the value of the new practice beyond any abstract reasoning.

"The accounts from Madras are very flattering. Those from Calcutta not equally so. The Bramins, those ancient inocculators, are like ours, attached to the old practice from interest. The natives in general, instead of embracing the practice, on account of its being derived from the cow, (which they consider a sacred animal) are the more averse to it."

We learn, however, by an account published by order of the Governor-general of India, in the Persian and in the English language, a copy of which was sent to Dr. Waterhouse, that 150,000 persons, including British, Bramins, Malabars, Gentoos, Mahometans, Half Casts, Portuguese, Pariahs, Cannadies and Rajapults, have passed through the kine pock without a single death.

TO FARMERS.

A most excellent method of making butter, as now practised in England, which effectually prevents its changing, and becoming rank.

The day before churning, scald the cream in a clean iron kettle, over a clear fire, taking care that it does not boil over. As soon as it begins to boil, or is fully scalded, strain it, when the particles of milk which tended to sour and change the butter, are separated and left behind. Put the vessel into which it was strained in a tub of water, in a cellar, till next morning, when it will be ready for churning, and become butter in less than a quarter of the time required in the common method. It will also be hard, with a peculiar additional sweetness, and will not change. The labour in this way is less than the other, as the butter comes sooner, and saves so much labour in working out the butter-milk. By this method good butter may be had in the hottest weather.

The following is an extract from the Emperor of Germany's Prayer book.

O thou eternal, incomprehensible Being, who art the foundation of mercy, and source of love! Thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist, thy showers nourish equally the fields of the believers and infidels, the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious, and the heretic; from this I learn therefore, that diversity of opinions does not prevent THEE from being a bountiful Father to all mankind; shall I then thy feeble creature, be less indulgent, shall I not permit my subjects to adore thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my religion with my sword? O thou whose mighty power and ineffable love imbower the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast. I will try to be like thee as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection. I will be as indulgent as thou to all men, whose sentiments differ from mine; and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom. Where is the religion that does not instruct us to love virtue, and to detest vice? Let all religions therefore be tolerated, let all mankind pay their worship to THEE thou eternal Being, in the manner they think best; does an error in judgment deserve expulsion from society? and is force the proper way to win the heart or bring the serving mind to a true sense of Religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects forever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur in this bold attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves thy ministers; but may thy Almighty power never forsake me. O thou eternal, incomprehensible Being, fortify my holy resolution with thy love, that I may surmount every obstacle, and let the law of our Divine master which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. Amen.

LIGHTNING.

A man who stood in a kitchen, near an unfinished chimney, was struck by lightning, and considered as dead. The body had no visible marks of injury, except a few red streaks on the breast and right arm. Two minutes after the accident happened, he was carried into the open air. The pulse was strong and irregular: the whole body, except the face, was immediately covered with a layer of earth, six inches thick, and cold water poured upon the face. In eight minutes, he began to move his shoulders and tongue; and, in twelve minutes, he was so far restored, as to be able to articulate some incoherent words. He was then removed from the earth-bath, put to bed, and rubbed with vinegar, a mixture of vinegar and water was likewise poured

down his throat. An hour and an half after the accident, he had entirely recovered the use of his senses, but complained of excessive thirst, and a painful burning sensation in his right arm, and the fingers of both hands. The following night, he could not sleep, on account of intense pain: he rose the next morning; but, for many nights afterwards, he did not enjoy a quiet repose; and even after the expiration of half a year, the sensation of pain had not entirely forsaken him.

In this case, the application of the earth-bath is the most remarkable remedy: it is, however, to be observed, that the use of this excitement of resuscitation, like all others, ought to be continued several hours, till signs of returning life appear. I know an instance of a physician, who, having accidentally heard of the earth-bath, applied it, but only for a few minutes. Though, in this case, resuscitation was not effected; yet, during the application, some warmth was perceptible in the subject.

The same phenomena which are produced by violent electric shocks, are observable in persons who have suffered by lightning, namely, shivering and heat of the extremities, anxiety, asthmatic complaints, and extreme sensibility of the electric atmosphere, on the approach of a thunder-storm. A man who had received a violent shock from an electric battery, afterwards suffered by a similar sensation, lost his appetite and sleep for a long time, and was siezed with giddiness and stupor. From experiments made with animals, electricity was analogically inferred to be a very powerful resuscitative, in cases of accidents by lightning. Animals were apparently killed by electricity, and afterwards restored to life, by a second shock through the head and heart.

[*Struve, on Suspended Animation.*]

Verses written on the close of the Year.

BY W. COWPER, ESQ.

Thankless for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His best concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages——if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages where he goes,
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose!

Strange fondness of the human heart—
Enamour'd of its harm!
Strange world! that costs it so much smart—
And yet has power to charm!

Whence has the world its magic pow'r?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And court a larger woe?

The cause is *conscience*—conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible though soft—
And dread of death ensues!

Then, anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath;
All evil then seems light compar'd,
With the approach of death.

'Tis *judgment* shakes him!—There's the fear
That prompts his wish to stay;
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must *despair to pay.*

Fly!—Follow Christ, and all is paid!
His death your peace ensures—
Think on the grave where HE *was laid,*
And calm descend to yours.

The following singularly interesting narrative is from a respectable correspondent.

"On Saturday the 23d ult. a girl between nine and ten years of age, with her brother, who was only seven years old, returning from the head of Glendaruel, over the Strathlachlan mountains, to their parents at Machlachlan Park.—They had not travelled far when a most violent snow storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, commenced and continued but with very short intervals during the two following nights and days. The snow in a short time completely covered the foot path, which leads across the mountains, so that the children wandered off the common track; and by the close of day the boy was quite overcome by the fury of the storm and the cold, exposed to which the poor creatures lay down for the night, the girl doing her utmost to shelter her little brother. As soon as day-light came she roused the boy, and prevailed on him to proceed.—They wandered about in the mountains the whole of Sunday, entirely ignorant where they were or in what direction they should go, the boy frequently dropping down, exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The sister says it was with much difficulty she could keep him awake; bnt that she herself did not close her eyes during the three days and two nights they were on the mountains;—that she continually weeped, calling upon God's name. They passed Sunday night as the preceding; and were so weak on Monday, that neither could move nor cry out, for the girl once saw a grown up brother of her's within a very short distance, but she found herself incapable to get up or call loud enough to be heard,

"On the Monday evening the poor creatures at the last gasp were providentially discovered by one of the Strathlachlan people, who, to the number of 160 were the whole day in search of them. The girl had a ham in her charge, of which her starving brother often pressed her to let him taste a bit, but she would not allow him to touch it, making him chew the heather, as she herself did.—All the way the girl carried a favourite pup about her neck, which she thinks greatly helped to keep her and her brother alive during the nights, as it covered the neck and breasts of both completely. When urged that she must have slept, she said that she did not close her eyes the whole time, fearing much that the pup would eat the ham. The poor children are perfectly recovered from the hardships they underwent."

Greenock.

ECONOMY.

A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop at Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Twa pence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The highlander took it, and asked "what he had to pay?" "A penny," says strap. "I'll give ye a baubee," says Duncan, "an if that dinna satisfy ye pit on my beard again."

Lon. pap.

ANECDOTE.

The other day a captain of a vessel had a quantity of coals to put on board, and as a great number lay scattered about the wharf, he thought it would be best to get a rake, that he might more speedily collect them together: he went into a counting-house and inquired of the merchant whether he could have the loan of a rake for a few minutes? the merchant smiled, and looking significantly round at his clerks, said, I believe I have a number of them, but not one that will readily answer your purpose; the captain comprehending the pun, very wittily replied, I think you are quite right, sir, for neither of them, I suppose, would wish to be hauled over the coals.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—In England preparations are making for secret expeditions, about the objects of which conjecture is busily employed, without being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion. It is thought the Spanish colonies in America may have attracted the attention of the administration. The speculative politicians of that country seem to think it would be of incalculable advantage to the descendants of Montezuma, Atabalipa, &c. &c. to exchange the treasures of Mexico and Peru, for British liberty; and they entertain not a doubt that the traffic would be *profitable* to *their own country*. The operation of the sinking fund they state as a subject of exultation. No less a sum than 1,698,926*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* is at present applied, per quarter, to the reduction of the national debt, and that the sum already redeemed amounts to above one hundred and thirteen million pounds sterling.

The courts of Vienna and Petersburg, it is said, are decidedly hostile to the intended creation of a monarchy in Lombardy. Austria has remonstrated in strong terms against the change, as being contrary to the stipulations of the treaty of Luneville. Prussia has, on the contrary, recommended the measure, as tending to establish the tranquility of that country, and as barring any views or claims which Austria may entertain in regard to it.

Sweden has been obliged, by the remonstrances of Prussia, to decline the proffered subsidy from Great-Britain. And Portugal is stated to have purchased, with the concurrence of that country, the sufferance of France, to remain neutral in the war, by a yearly subsidy of six millions of crusades.

Such was the activity of the Marine Department in Spain, that twelve ships of the line were completed for sea during the last month, and an equal number are to be equipped within the present month.

In the Dutch fleet also active preparations are noticed.

France appears to be irritated at the cool reception, her overtures for peace met with in the British cabinet, and threatens, by striking several blows at once, to evince the energy of her resentment, and the impolitic obstinacy of her foes. The active spirit of the Emperor has forced his allies to vigorous operations, and promptitude long unknown to them. Holland is about to receive a new form of government, the introduction of which is to be honoured by the presence of an army of French troops: and brother Joseph, it is said, is there to receive his kingly crown.

In the West Indies the black Emperor and his generals have been unsuccessful in their enterprise against the city of Santa Domingo, where the Haytian army is stated to have suffered a complete defeat.—Bonaparte, it appears, has not been unmindful of the unfortunate exiles from St. Domingo. A decree has been issued by him, declaring that every subject, formerly residing in that colony, who may have been exiled from his home and property by the brigands, shall be allowed from the national treasury 300 livres per year, every married man 500, and for each child 100.

Advices by an arrival from Nantz, mention that the French government intended to demand a sum of money from the United States, as a retribution for the produce, which had been taken from their revolted colonies, by the American merchants.

Jerome Bonaparte's marriage has been enrolled in France (it is said) upon the plea that it was consummated "without the consent of his mother, and without the bands thereof being previously published in the place of his abode."

DOMESTIC.—*Extract from a "Report of the Operations of the Mint."* The issues of silver coins, notwithstanding the mercantile embarrassments attending the importation of bullion, have greatly exceeded that of the year 1803: and the advantage of a public mint, has long been sensibly experienced, by the greatest part of the deposits being issued in small coin, which has been found very beneficial to the citizens at large, under the late scarcity of Spanish dollars, occasioned by the great exportation of them, for mercantile purposes.

The quantity of gold bullion, has been equal to that of the last report, so that in the past year the coinage of the precious metals has amounted to three hundred and fifty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-three dollars.

It is worthy of attention, that about eleven thousand dollars of the gold coin is the produce of virgin gold, found in the county of Cabarrus, in the state of North Carolina, where it is said, a very considerable quantity has been found, since the last deposits, and will in all probability, be forwarded to the mint. It is to be regretted, that this gold is melted into small ingots, before it is sent to the mint, for the convenience of carriage; but by which, there is reason to believe, a considerable proportion of it is wasted. It is also said, that the finest particles are neglected, and only the large grains and lumps sought after.

The past year, there have been issued, seven hundred and fifty-six thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight cents, and one million and fifty-five thousand three hundred and twelve half cents, equal to twelve thousand eight hundred and forty-four dollars and ninety-four cents.

The coinage of the year amounts in the whole, to the sum of three hundred and seventy one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven dollars and ninety four cents, and the number of pieces to two millions forty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

NEW CONNECTICUT.—This district of territory, which continues the north-east section of the new state of Ohio, is fast rising to notice. Six or eight years ago it was a trackless wilderness, known only to the hunter and the savage.—Yankee enterprize, however, promises to convert this wilderness into a garden, and thus verify the prediction of a foreigner; who in speaking of our north-western country, says, that it will hereafter become the Flanders of America. The emigrations already amount to about 1200 families, and 200 families more are expected to come in the present year. Mills are erected in various parts, schools established, and a charter for a college. The general face of this country is level, and the soil uncommonly rich and deep. It is bounded on the north by Lake Erie, in latitude 24, and extends south on the west line of Pennsylvania, to within about 40 miles of Pittsburgh.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 27th ult. to the 4th instant, Adults 22—Children 16—Total 38.

Interments in the burying grounds of the City and Precincts of Baltimore, during the week ending the 28th ult. at sun rise:—Adults, 8—Children 4—Total 12.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER has surely mistaken our meaning. We have rejected no piece because it was controversial: but when we have considered the subject of dispute not likely to be instructive or *properly* amusing to our readers, nor honourable to the agitators of the controversy, even were the palm adjudged to them: we have then exercised the right of rejection. Let the aim of the argument be dignified, and it will be our pleasure to give free scope to the mental vigor of the contenders. Nay, it is our wish to call into action the resourses of the mind, and we are convinced nothing is more effectual in exciting the latent sparks of genius than the collision of sentiment. Animate the Fire-side, therefore, with discussions worthy of praise and the fame which may redound to it will be reflected to thyself.

PETER PLUMLINE probably knows well how to "hand, reef and steer," but certainly he never was borne upon the back of Pegasus, to the heights of the Castalian Mount.

SOLOS's Milk-and-water we reserve until we are more thirsty than at present.

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